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Woman's Department.

THANKFUL FOR BLESSINGS.

A short time since a mother, being rushed with work, placed her plates upon the table right side up; her little six year old boy followed her around turning each one over. When seated at table he noticed each plate turned upright, and with an inquiring, solemn look he turned his eye upon his mother's face, saying, "Mamma, why don't wees read on the bottom of our plates?" Mr. M. used to read on his plate every time he ate." Not even hearing a story, he supposed Mr. M. was to be reading to them.

To take the world at large, but few of the vast number return thanks for benefits bestowed by the God who gives us life and being. He, the ruler, the owner of this vast universe. Not one or little being ours, only by His great compassion to us who deserve so little. One tiny blade of grass is as much to Him as is the sturdy oak. Our Father is too great to be condescending. The universe is His property. He is the one great proprietor of every soul on earth, therefore why not give Him the homage due?

Far more all earthly hearts does it hurt Him to have any one wander from the fold, and we thus deprive Him of a part of His most sacred possessions. What would this great world amount to, if we had no God? How could, and would, each season roll round without the supreme ruling power bringing us good in full measure? We, in our short, worldly sightedness, could not foresee ahead one little hour. One hour! How many souls are called home to God in one short hour? How many hearts bereaved, to the verge of breaking, in six minutes? How many joys and sorrows are contained in those golden moments sped by! Ah, no! How wise is everything planned. Why grumble that mortal cannot rule. God gives that all is owing time, and eventually the answer, shall we not be content?

How sweet, doubtless, would be the life of one friend in human form, over in the Queen's domain, could she know that life for life would not be the forfeit of her terrible crime. Where for some slight fault she, with a cruel lashin' whip, extinguished the life lamp with her cruel, fiendish blows, and the poor, bruised body of an innocent young girl of between thirteen and fourteen, so plainly revealed the crime. She thought to hide her great sin, the funeral being private as possible, but the body was examined, to allay, if possible, this wide spreading suspicion. But alas, the foul had not been thought. Yet when confronted with the great crime she became silent, the very demon of fear if such could be. But her love of sin and crime is done. Why should the foul deed she will not tell, other than she hated her husband's niece, this innocent, murdered girl. They were people of means and influence. The devil lurks at every corner, and many willing subjects he finds to destroy. Then who would not have God's tender, ruling, compassionate hands o'er-ruled always? If we did not have this Divine Being there is no sin in the world to day that each day's sun would not rise on and more, and how glad we should be that we have God to rule, to reign.

ELLEN S.

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER IN JUNE.

"If a rich man wishes to live in health, he must live like a poor man," said Sir William Temple, to which aphorism he probably only meant to warn men against the evils of over-eating. Especially in summer we must be careful to guard against this evil, but the housewife cannot throw off all responsibility as easily as did Careme, who was for a time chief to the Prince Regent of England. "Careme," said the Prince one day, "you will make me die of indigestion. I want to eat everything you send to the table."

"Sir," replied the great cook, "it is my business to provoke, not to regulate, the appetite of your Highness." Mothers of families, alas! have to do both.

How to COOK PEAS AND BEANS. Gardeners, when sowing the quick-growing beans, have some fresh and delicious flavor of their own that the province of the cook is merely to keep these appetizing.

When death's limp, dimpling waters encompass the round, Earth fading, like the flowers away.

And the boathole pale, parts of the very wall.

Can we almost hear the dripping o'er.

Parting the crested, silvery tide,

On its broad bosom, in the golden sand;

For we wait the turning of death's key.

Eve.

Still still a vol-

lop, her guns

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ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1893.

TERMS.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.50 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions, and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. G. A. EYER is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in New York.Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Penobscot county.The summer hotels in Maine are mak-
ing preparations for full houses this sum-
mer.We have at this office a few copies of
the Premium List of the Maine State Agri-
cultural Society.And so the Maine building at Chicago
is to be kept open on Sundays, after all.
And why shouldn't it be? Why turn
people out of doors, just because it is
Sunday?The "milk of human kindness" is illus-
trated in a very practical manner by
Nathan Strauss of New York. He has
established a system by which the poor
will be served with milk at two cents a
pint or four cents a quart. Women and
children will be supplied with milk at
one cent a glass.Several gentlemen in Caribou interest-
ed in fishing, have conceived a plan,
which, if it meets with the cooperation
it should in Aroostook county, will be
productive of an amount of future bene-
fit to that section that it is hardly possi-
ble now to appreciate. The purpose of
these gentlemen is to secure the organi-
zation of an association in Aroostook for
the purpose, chiefly, of propagating fish
with which to stock the waters of that
region, and to take steps to protect its
streams and lakes against the poachers.The Presbyterian General Assembly,
after due examination, have found Rev.
Dr. Briggs guilty of unsound teaching,
and have suspended him from the office of
minister of that denomination. We pre-
sume that Dr. Briggs will go right on
preaching the truths of revelation as he
understands them, continuing all the time
his investigations in the realm of
truth. And he will have audiences, for
the people are with him. They do not
accept in every particular the interpre-
tation put upon the Bible by a syn-
two or three hundred years ago.It may be of interest to our readers to
know that the first stage route in the
Province of Maine was from Portsmouth
in New Hampshire to Portland, Me.,
then to Brunswick, next up the Kennebec
to Augusta, the third up the Androscoggin to Farmington. These soon had side lines to towns
of the general route. Then stage lines
were established from Brunswick to
Thomaston, from Thomaston up the Pe-
nobsocet, then between Augusta and Bangor,
and thereafter lines were supplied to
carry mails and transport passengers,
as new routes were established and roads
and country opened up.An eastern Maine man, who regrets
that he cannot die a veteran of the Civil
War, and have his grave decorated with
flowers, says he was prevented from at-
taining this honor by an untoward cir-
cumstance. "I started for Portland to
enlist," he says, "and of course I expect-
ed when I got to the seat of war some-
thing decisive would be done. But I
guess Lee heard I was coming, for, blame
him! he up and surrendered before I
could get into uniform. That spoilt the
whole business, for they didn't want any
more soldiers, and I had to come home
and let the old flag wave without my as-
sistance."Darkest Russia, a monthly publica-
tion, confirms the announcement that
Russian persecution of the Jews is ex-
tending to Poland. It says that 480 fami-
lies have been expelled from the Ronda-
Gonzoski district alone. All the heads
of families thus expelled were engaged
in trade and possessed more or less real
estate, which they were forced to aban-
don. Some of the expelled families,
Darkest Russia asserts, have already
passed through London on their way
either to America or to Cape Town, South Africa. Most of these people are
educated and are well supplied with
money. This driving out of the Jews is
the outcome of measures that Gen.
Gourko initiated months ago.The Weekly Financial Review, New
York, in its last number, says: "In some
branches of business there is a notice-
able improvement, especially in grocery
and dry goods; which is an indication of
returning vitality in the staple depart-
ments of trade. The returns of the rail-
roads also show a very gratifying im-
provement. The gross earnings of some
forty roads reporting last week show an
average increase of nearly 10 per cent.;—
a fact which suggests the inference that
the real contraction of trade is not so
great as might be supposed from com-
mon report. The real trouble seems to
be less in any actual falling off in the
volume of business than in the preva-
lence of a feeling of apprehension incident
to the partial interruption of dis-
count accommodation throughout the
country at large and to the failure arising
from that stringency. This fear is,
of course, a serious injury to business;
for it not only abnormally reduces prices
and profits, but may easily lead to em-
barrassments and suspensions, as it un-
doubtedly has within the last few weeks.
But there is reason to hope that this
phase of feeling has passed its climax.
The banks seem to be gaining confidence
in the general soundness of commercial
credits, and, with the late large gains in
their reserves and the low rate of interest
obtainable on call loans, they are begin-
ning to show more disposition to dis-
count for their customers."MR. STEVENS ON THE HAWAIIAN QUEST-
ION.

Hon. John L. Stevens, Ex-United States Minister to the Sandwich Islands, arrived at San Francisco, Cal., on Wednesday, by steamer Australia, from Honolulu, on his way home to Maine. On Thursday he was given a grand reception by the Chamber of Commerce of that city, and addressed the merchants on the Hawaiian question. He said, in brief, that he had not been long in Honolulu when he perceived how thoroughly an American city it is, how strong is American sympathy, and how predominating are American interests in all the islands of the Hawaiian group. More than one year of careful study of the existing complex facts he found necessary to a correct understanding of the moral, commercial and political status of the islands. He found an intelligent body of citizens, of European and American origin, sharing the good-will of many native Hawaiians, supporting a semi-barbaric monarchy, resting on no solid or normal foundation, dead in everything but its vices, coarsely luxurious in its tastes and wishes, constantly sending out impure exhalations, and spreading social and political demoralization throughout the islands. This semi-heathen and grossly spurious government mechanism, called the Hawaiian monarchy, was being chiefly supported by the taxes and toleration of those who could have no sincere loyalty to it, and who knew that it returned to the islands nothing for the money it annually squandered on worse than useless expenditures. Bad as had been the courtiers and favorite companions and advisers of this semi-barbaric King, those whom his sister Lilimokalani immediately drew around her were still worse, coupled with a life of shame. The legislature repudiated her ministers, but instead of appointing ministers possessing the confidence of the legislative majority and of the business men of the islands, she continued to select those of her own type of character. Three successive ministries of this description were voted out by the legislature, with the warm approval of all the best men of the islands. At last the Queen appeared to yield to the pressure of public opinion and consented to the appointment of four responsible men, three of them persons of wealth, and all of them men of good financial standing, who took the official places with reluctance, all four of them sharing the public confidence.

Mr. Stevens here described the various iniquitous measures of the Queen, the proclamation of the new constitution, the launching of the revolution. The great mass meeting of Jan. 16th—worthy of the best American towns, was held. It was made up of the best and chief men of the country—the owners of property, the professional and educated citizens, merchants, bankers, clerks, mechanics, teachers, clergymen. This assemblage was a unit in opinion and purpose. It was stirred by a common sentiment, the love of country and the desire for public order and public security. It took its measures wisely and prudently. Its committee of public safety asked Mr. Stevens to land the men of the Boston, lest riot and incendiarism might burst out in the night, for no reliable police force longer existed, and whatever there was of this force was now in the control of the usurpers and the lottery gamblers, who had initiated the revolution. Under the diplomatic and naval rules, which were and are imperative, the United States Minister and Naval Commander would have shamefully ignored their duty had they not landed the men of the Boston for the security of American life and property, and the maintenance of public order, even had the committee of public safety not requested us to do so. As American representatives, five thousand miles from their government, they could not have escaped the responsibilities, even had they desired to do so. Fortunately the commander of the Boston, and those under his command, had no desire to shirk their duty. They appreciated the obligations of American patriotism and the honor of the American navy. On shore in perfect order, they stepped not an inch from the line of duty. They never lifted a finger in aid of the fallen monarchy or the rising provisional government. The conduct of the United States officers and men in their seventy-five days on shore in Honolulu is the credit of their intelligence, their patriotism and their self-control—an honor to the American navy. Without the loss of a single life, this remarkable revolution in the Hawaiian islands was accomplished. They have to-day the best government those islands ever had. That government is now much stronger than on the days when it sprang into life. It is supported by all the best citizens, and by seven-eighths of the property of the country. Both the provisional government and those supporting it strongly desire Hawaii to become a part of the Great Republic. In none of our American States is there a more earnest, more loyal American people. They look to the flag which their fathers reared and consecrated to American liberty and good government for protection. They stretch out a pleading hand to this mighty nation of freemen not to abandon them in the days of their imperative need. The American people hear their cry for sympathy and support. Shall they plead in vain? Men of our blood, familiar with our history, united to us by a common interest, hopeful of America's great future, they ask that the American flag, the American constitution, and the American laws may shelter and protect them. Without the expenditure of a single American life, or a dollar of American gold, they offer the rich prize, this splendid possession of the Pacific, to the American government, in trust for the American people. Never was such a prize before offered as a gift to a great nation. Humanity, patriotism and statesmanship demand that the Hawaiian islands should be at once and forever placed under the American flag. Planted between the two great oceans, with its rapidly increasing population and wealth, its immense material resources, its tremendous energies, free from the terrible burdens of armies and debts which press upon

the European people, we cannot escape our responsibilities if we would. God and future posterity will hold us accountable for our manner of using what has been placed at our command. Those sunny and beautiful islands of the North Pacific, the fairest in all this mighty area of waters, are as important to America as the islands of the Mediterranean are to Europe. These gems of the ocean will be accepted and placed among the jewels of America's future crown of empire and glory.

Mr. Stevens' speech was received with great favor, and resolutions were passed by the Board favoring the speedy annexation of the islands.

MAPLE GROVE FARM, AUBURN.

Among the stock farms which were established in the earlier days of the horse industry must be mentioned Maple Grove Farm, owned by B. F. & F. H. Briggs, Auburn. While great care has been bestowed upon the Jerseys, and a herd established second to none, it is to the horses that particular attention is called. If one is in want of a fast trotter or ideal roader, he will do well to visit this establishment and examine the sons and daughters of Messenger Wilkes, Rockefeller and Warrener. Especially would the colts by Messenger Wilkes be worth looking for an ideal roader.

Standing fully sixteen hands and weighing eleven hundred or more, up-headed, and with good knee action, they have,

in addition, a way of moving which delights the looker-on. It may be questioned whether another stable can turn out as many fine, large, gents' drivers, with speed, as may be seen among the get of Messenger Wilkes. While the records made have placed him among the leading sires of the State, there is promise that in the size and style of his colts he is to excel as well. Surely no better type of the stylish, courageous roader could be desired than is to be seen in Palm, Narka, Narcus, Miranda, Lady Briggs and others, while the younger ones, developing at Maple Grove and vicinity, promise to be as large and fully as good. At the half mile track on the farm we had the pleasure of seeing Gene Briggs and Granita worked, and there can be no question as to their holding their speed. Both are race horses, and, barring accidents, will be heard from later. A ride behind Sadie L., full sister to Nelson 21.0, would please any horseman, as she will please the crowd later on when started in the races. She has a way of going much like Aubine, only that it is full as smooth and easy, and every indication points to as much speed. She is rounding to in great form, and will be ready when called upon. Warrener, the brother of Sunol, and sire of Royce and other promising ones, is kept busy in the stud, and his engagements insure a good season's work, while the promising condition of his colts insure a steady demand for his services.

The bride comes from families on both sides which have been prominent in the affairs of State and nation. The groom is a rising young lawyer of New York, connected with the law firm of Parsons, Shepperd & Ogden of that city. He graduated at Oxford University in England, and afterwards prepared for the law at Columbia Law School, from which he graduated with the highest honors. Six children survive him, Edwin P., Alvin B., Cynthia A., Hiriam W., Sarah L., and Nettie M. The deceased was senior member of the firm of Hiriam Ricker & Sons.

We learn from Mr. E. W. Dunbar that the wedding gifts were very elegant.

Mrs. James G. Blaine presented the bride with a full silver service; Mr. and Mrs. Hale, a silver salad bowl; Hon. C. A. Boutelle, a toilet set; Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Sewall, silver coffee pot; Mrs. Thomas Hubbard, silver sugar bowl and creamer; Judge and Mrs. Libby, silver tray; Judge and Mrs. Libby, silver butter dish; Hon. and Mrs. G. D. Abbott, New Jersey, silver punch ladle; Hon. and Mrs. Samuel Fessenden, Stamford, Conn., a silver berry set and a silver glass set; Gen. W. T. Palmer, New York, a Bohemian glass fruit set. The presents were very numerous, and consisted of every kind of silver and costly books and pictures. Mrs. Samuel Cony, the grandmother of the bride, gave a diamond ring. The parents gave a full silver outfit, knives, forks, spoons, ladles, etc. One of the gifts was a beautiful picture which was formerly the property of Mrs. Judge Daniel Cony, who was the grandfather of the late Gov. Cony.

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Items of Maine News.

Good rents are scarce in Richmond. J. C. Fuller & Co., general traders, Canton, have gone into insolvency. Bears have begun early devastations in the Oxford county sheep pastures.

Wm. J. Bailey of Pittsfield committed suicide at Quebec.

John R. Sanborn of Norway hung himself in the old shingle mill Sunday night. It is now fully settled that the new city hall in Bangor is to be constructed from the proceeds of the Hersey fund.

Brunswick blueberry bushes are in bloom, with the promise of an abundant crop.

Mr. William D. Little, one of Portland's oldest and most respected citizens, died on Monday, after a brief illness.

The B. E. Cole Shoe Co., Ellsworth, recently bought \$40,000 worth of stock to be used in their factory. The concern intend to increase their business greatly.

Alexander Briggs of Biddeford, under indictment for arson in the York county S. J. Court, Friday morning, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to five years in State Prison.

Alfred G. Prentiss of Saco, grocer, miller and ship owner, has called a meeting of his creditors. His liabilities are about \$50,000 and assets \$10,000. Portland wholesale merchants are his heavy creditors.

Milo Hildreth, aged 60, a member of the firm of Milo Hildreth & Co., tortoise shell combs, of Portland, died at home to Portland Thursday night, and Friday morning died suddenly of heart disease, to which he had been subject some time.

Orrin Cheever, a wealthy citizen of Wells, was stricken in the Biddeford court, Thursday, charged with not suitably providing for his cattle. He pleaded not guilty and a date was assigned for a hearing.

Geo. E. Dole of Bangor, died Wednesday night of paralysis. He was a member of Governor Robie's staff, with the rank of major, and had a large circle of acquaintances in various parts of the State. He was 45 years old, and leaves a wife.

Five of the rear cars on the 4 o'clock freight were derailed at Shaw's crossing, about a mile south of Pittsfield village, Monday night. All of the cars were badly demolished, and one was a total wreck. Conductor Willey, who was in the saloon car, was injured, but not seriously.

Alfred L. Stilphen, of Pittston, was taken to Rockland, Saturday, by Fish and Game warden John L. Thompson, of Lincoln county, and tried before Justice Umer for violation of the game laws. The officer, who committed new dredges, and engaged in extending weirs into Eastern river more than one-fourth of the width of the channel. Stilphen was convicted, and sentenced to a fine of \$70, which he paid.

These patents have been granted: Nathaniel A. Swett, Westbrook, still claim patent; Fred Pooley, Skowhegan, horse book; Matthew Moriarty, Bangor, cello; Ferdinand B. Merrill and G. H. Lovell, Yarmouth, two patents on means for cooking canned goods and on soldering iron; James John P. Kelly, Saco, spindle; F. O. Babb & Co., Portland, harness for horses and other draft animals; Charles H. Cushman, Auburn, steam vaporizer.

Messrs. Olsen & Thompson, government contractors engaged to improve the channel in the vicinity of Dry Rock in the Kennebec, near Richmond, commenced operations last Monday. They have a team of horses and younger days. It is to make but a doctor's big fund.

On the 20th of June, a steamer discovered no attempt, last the Oakland post were probably at a distance as and Oakland as plans had failed. Council of Ordination church in ordained to the am. S. Green, a graduate from the Newton Theological Rev. Mr. among his people

ville was rather runaway accident, was driving with a small load and when passing, the bolt came out and the horse's heels.

He ran to run, and a good chance heavily upon his body bruised, although he is his injuries.

served by Comet the literary press after which he participated in a by the usual was relished young generally

O. G. T. in the event the Deputy Frank L. Nickerson; C. T. Chase; Asst't Marshal; Mabel and Chase; Treas.; Lewis Nickard; Lewis Nickard; Tripp. On the goody number upper.

had just recovered and went to work, June 1st, met Mrs. M. A. stop work, the and in with a compound One bone was. One hand, who attends the limb, but the Civil War, as badly shattered.

This is a man, following children's sick-sases.

in furnishing have been made as a medicinal, thirst, lessening distress." The line it is being sent dealers, for avoid copper taint, playing, nausea, as can be observed world is drawn steel tanks, mountain at Paragon Store, opposite served with pure Mr. Partridge fountain, grape mineral waters, etc. delicate drinks. His ice cream is not a mixtures, but cream. Try a phosphate when

Journal publishes known pioneer death was immediate. Mr. Snell was born in Au-

1856. He by all who know a wife and six others in South

of considerable

There are a few people left but there are very few

who still follow antiquated methods of raising bread, biscuit, cake and pastry with home-made mixtures of what they suppose to be cream of tartar and soda, compounded haphazard,

The best housekeepers use the Royal Baking Powder instead. Its scientific composition insures uniform results. By its use alone can the finest flavored, most wholesome food be produced. To any housekeeper who has not used the Royal Baking Powder we would like to send our Cook Book, free. Mark your request "For instruction."

Royal Baking Powder Company,
106 Wall Street, New-York.

Bowdoin College.

The programme of commencement week at Bowdoin College will be as follows:

SUNDAY, JUNE 18.
The Baccalaureate Sermon by the President of the Congregational church at 4 P.M.

MONDAY JUNE 19.
Junior Year Declamation in Memorial Hall, at 8 P.M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20.
The Class Day exercises of the graduating class in Memorial Hall at 10 A.M. and under the direction of Dr. D. W. Promenade concert in the evening.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 21.
The Graduating Exercises of the Medical School of Maine in Memorial Hall at 9 A.M. The exercises will be delivered by Prof. Henry L. Chapman, D. D., of Brunswick.

The Annual Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at 8 P.M. in the Auditorium.

The Annual Meeting of the Maine Historical Society in Cleveland Lecture Room at 8 P.M.

Commencement Concert in the Town Hall at 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.
The Annual meeting of the Alumni in Adams Hall, at 8 P.M.

The Commencement Exercises in the Congregational church at 10:30 A.M. followed by a Commencement Dinner in the Gymnasium.

The Reception by the President and Mrs. Hyde, in Memorial Hall, from 8 to 10 P.M.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.
The examination of candidates for admission to the college, at Cleveland Lecture Room, Massachusetts Hall, at 8:30 A.M.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT BATES.

JUNE 21-24.—Examinations Committee on college examinations. Committee on A. M. on June 21-24.—Examinations Committee on Divinity School examinations. Rev. J. M. Bailey, D. B. D. Rev. T. M. Stetson, A. M. on June 21-24.—Rev. D. R. Rev. Thomas Spooner, A. M. Rev. H. F. Wood, A. M. Rev. S. C. Whitcomb, Rev. Lowden, A. M.

June 25.—Baccalaureate exercises by the President.

June 25-7-45 P.M.—sermon before the Free Baptist church, Portland, by Rev. C. S. Coffey, A. M.

June 26-28 P.M.—showman prize debate.

July 4-5 P.M.—class day exercises.

4:30 P.M.—annual meeting of the Alumni Association.

June 28-9.—examination for admission to college, 9 A.M.—annual meeting of the President and trustees, 2:30 P.M.—annual literary exercises of the alumni orator, Rev. F. E. Enrich, A. M., Framingham, Mass.; poet, Miss Isabel S. Merrill, Lisbon.

June 29—Thursday, 10 A.M.—commencement.

June 30-8 P.M.—President's reception to the graduating class.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

The programme for commencement week is as follows: Sunday, June 25—Baccalaureate sermon by President Whitman at 10:30 A.M. at the Baptist church. Annual sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society at 10:30 A.M. at the First Congregational Church. Rev. D. Burr of Boston, Mass., at 7:45 P.M. Monday, June 26—Presentation day exercises of the junior class at 2:30 P.M. on the campus of the university. The annual meeting of the Junior class at 8 P.M. in the Hall of the Arts.

Tuesday, June 27—Graduation day exercises of the graduating class, conferring degrees and presenting diplomas at 10:30 A.M. on the campus; ball game, College team vs. Alumni team, on campus in the afternoon. Band concert at 8 P.M. in the Hall on the campus in the evening followed by the President's reception in Memorial hall.

Nominations by the Governor.

The Governor has made the following nominations:

Inspector of Fish—Joseph W. Sheppard, Portland.

Fish and Game—Albert W. Larabee, Pownal.

Fish and Game—D. E. Miller, Belgrade.

Game Warden—H. W. Harriman, Belgrade.

Game Warden—F. W. Emery, Cherryfield.

Game Warden—Wallace R. Lambert, Calais.

Game Warden—John G. Wright, Ellsworth.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
YOU AND I.

BY E. G. JONES, M. D.

We are sailing down the stream of time, both
you and I together,
Glibly drifting, not where, drifting
we know not whither;

At times the boat seems near the shore, and
we seem to have come home,

But the sea grows faint, it dies away, and
we're drifting, drifting onward.

We've had our shares of the joys of life;
But the pleasures were mixed with an alloy;
We've had our share of sorrow and care,
Cures that we always sought for others to repare;

We have toiled for others to win;

And the toil we loved and cherished the
Will blossom when we are gone.

We have learned some things, and we've
learned them well;

There's one thing you can never tell,
If you're a friend indeed,

And help in the time of need.

The world has no use for an honest man, if
poor he happens to be;

You can't buy wealth and get it yourself,
Or win it from somebody else.

You may toil and spin but you never can
win,

The prize that you covet the most;

The world will gather it in.

Will you the way to a maiden's heart—
To wound her with your darts?

You must worry and tease, you must flatter
and please,

And you'll have half of the earth.

You don't need any brains, you don't need
any sense,

But you've got to have dollars and cents.

The churches were made to worship in, so
we've read and found it so;

But we've heard of a fashionable church
that the poor could worship in?

They have carpeted floor and cushioned seats,
And a piano stands softly,

So the rich can worship God with ease,

While the poor can do as they please;

If that was to get grace they must stay in

the pews,

Outside by the door, sit down on the floor,

Be contented with that, and no more.

I have thought it all over, and it puzzles me

How the heaven they both can agree;

For if Azores' doors can open the door,

Then where will the rich man be?

Our Story Teller.

THE DOCTOR'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

TER.

"Why don't pa make 'em pay?" cried Sophronia in a pretty passion, and twirling the end of her apron strings savagely in her fingers.

"Make 'em pay? La! who could?" exclaimed her mother. "How silly you talk, Phrony; who ever heard of a country doctor dunning folks?"

"Well, and who supposes a country doctor is going to slave year-in and year-out, riding over country in all kinds of weather in a gig worn out as himself, getting up at unearthly hours, and dosing fidgety old women and cranky babies, all for the sake of a cold. 'Thank you—say?" demanded the girl in a heat.

"Who supposes? Why, everybody," said her mother, with a short, unfeeling laugh. "It's always been so, and it always will be. The doctor is the last one paid, if he ever is; then he's lucky if he doesn't have to take off a lot from his bill."

"And act like a beggar glad of a penny thrown to him," exploded the doctor's daughter. "I wouldn't answer their calls and be at their beck and nod."

"Oh, you can't do that," said her mother, with the easy resignation of one who long ago has given up struggling with fate, "you can't pick and choose between your patients, for it's the rest of us that don't pay the 'rents obliged to. Folks forget, Phrony, that they've been sick, when they're up around. It's natural. I've been all over it and again with again, and with pa, and he don't see no help for it; no more do I."

"Pa is so easy," said Sophronia. "He'd laugh and tell stories with old Judge Bennett just the same as if he hadn't waited a year to see his money. And just think how he carried the judge all th' that fever when every one said he must die!"

"Your pa's a thoro' doctor, and he's got a conscience, too," said her mother, with comical pride. "I'd d'm but what'd as lief give him be that way, as to carry the name of the old judge does, with all his money."

"Well, I sh'd like more money," declared Sophronia, walking off disconsolately to the window and gazing out.

"I'm free to confess that I should, too," said her mother, and the round face lengthened to allow anxious lines to come on its surface, "but it's for your pa that I want it, Phrony," and as she spoke she abruptly thrust her needle in the sheet she was turning, laid it on the table, and deserting it, came over to Sophronia at the window.

"I don't but what he's breaking down," she whispered, as if afraid to hear her own voice. "He's got so he don't sleep nights."

"Oh, ma," cried the girl, with a chill at her heart.

"Yes—and he worries 'cause, you know, there's the mortgage and some other things that we owe"—the blue eyes looked anxiously into the younger girl's eyes.

"There wouldn't be," cried Sophronia, passionately, and turning away from the window, "if he was only paid what is due."

"Well, but he isn't; so what's the use in talking?" broke in the older woman.

"And your pa worries over his cases, too, and because he hasn't laid up anything for his family—I don't know what he don't worry over, I'm most as nervous as a fly. And then the next morning, up he goes to fly, and work like a dog till night again."

Sophronia stood quite still. The doctor's wife went on:

"Sometimes I don't know but what I ought to take summer boarders, and help him out."

"Mother?"

"Yes; isn't a pleasant thing to do, to be sure, city folks are so stuck up, and they all want front rooms, and they don't like pie, and I sh'd get fretted most to death every day. Miss—"

"You do mend splendid," said Mrs. Hine, depositing her ample figure in the most slender of Sophronia's chairs.

"Dear me, it's hard how stairs to do them. I wish I had a daughter to help me out. I'd be willing to pay a good price to get my mending-basket lowered every Saturday night."

Sophronia gave a sudden shiver, her breath came thick and fast, and she dropped her needle. "Oh, Mrs. Hine," she cried, putting a glowing face in front of the large perspiring one—"do you mean what you say, do you?"

"What did I say—that you mend real splendid? Yes I do; everybody says so. What only the other day, Miss—"

"I don't mean that," said Sophronia, patting quickly the fat arm, "the other thing. Do you mean it, dear Mrs. Hine?"

"Neighor Hine's wife wrinkled her brows and stared into space. "Oh, what did I say? That I wished I had a daughter—and so I do, just like you. Or if one of my boys was only big enough, p'raps you might both make a match. That would suit me real first rate. Why, only the other day, Mr. Hine said, he—"

"Oh, I don't mean that either," cried the girl, jumping to her feet, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "You said I didn't that you'd be willing to pay any one who would do your mending. Didn't you know, dear Mrs. Hine?"

"To see I did," cried Mrs. Hine in astonishment, "and what's more, I'll say it again. I'd give anything if there was anybody in Bingham who'd take in mending."

"I will," cried Sophronia, erect and lithe, her young hands clasped together joined.

Mrs. Hine jumped to her feet with the spring of a feather bed set in motion.

"You? Why you are the doctor's daughter," she gasped.

"His eldest daughter," said Sophronia.

tears down by her little white bed, to sob out remorse, sorrow, shame and the nameless emotions that overburdened her young heart.

"Phrony," called a shrill, childish treble, "I want to come in."

This last being emphasized by a smart rapping of small boot-heels on the base of the door, the eldest daughter jumped up from her knees, and made haste to turn the key.

"You needn't break the door down, Abby," she said, a bit trembly.

"Why? I want to break the door," said a small child in a dingy brown dress, a crop of short, dingy brown hair to match, and a thin, sallow face; and dropping to her knees, she examined the door carefully where the boots had been applied.

"No; not a single, weast, teeniest break has it got. Oh, Sophronia Tucker, you told and awful big lie. Where d'y'e pose you'll go to when you die?"

She got up from her knees, and rubbed her hands, which were also brown and grimy, on her long suffering dress, surveyed her sister in virtuous silence.

"You're ridiculous child," exclaimed Sophronia. "Well, we do want to see," declared Mrs. Hine, sinking helplessly into her chair again, that cracked fearfully.

"If you hadn't come in and seen me at this work," went on the girl quickly, "I might never have found out what I could do for you. I'll tell you all about it."

"I'll be off to see you, to see that I am ready to execute any job at your service that they may want done. Will you?" she repeated eagerly.

"Is your ma willing?" asked Mrs. Hine.

"I should think you were," cried Sophronia, seizing the flapping end of the slack breadth thus presented to her.

"No need to tell of it. Mercy! what a sight," as the gown seemed to shrink away from her examining fingers, into a multitude of little catacombs, zigzag raps, as if each were saying, "don't scold me! I'm very small."

"Abby Tucker, you'll be ashamed of yourself! Who do you suppose is going to mend this horrible dress—say?"

"Why, you," said Abby turning around to summon her sister out of astonished eyes. "Don't feel bad, Phrony, you can do it real good." She added, pleasantly.

"I'll do it," said Sophronia joyfully.

"Come and see," Sophronia pulled the thread thro' on its last journey snipped it off, and giving a hug to the little gown, threw it on the bed.

"Come," she repeated.

"All right," declared Mrs. Tucker, breaking freely as she desisted, only long on being done a post till Christmas.

"Addison's Cough Balsam still continues to sell better with us than any other cough preparation; in fact, we sell more of it than all others together. It sells itself."

"J. W. Perkins & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Portland, Me."

A Cartilage, nro. Warren Hansford, has received a letter from Mrs. Hansford of Springfield, to whom he belonged in the slavery days, saying that he should have his portion of their estate June 1—the full part due a son.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose.

Very small, very easy to take; no pain.

A Chinese never lets superstition get the better of him. Instead of using a horse-shoe for an ornament over his front door, he makes a razor from it.

If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer,

why will it not in your case?

LONDON FREIGHT.

Price 20 cents a number, \$2.40 a year. On sale at news stands or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by D. Lethrop Company, Publishers.

"Blaine's Handy Manual of Useful Information" is the title of a valuable book compiled by Prof. Wm. H. Blaine, of Lancaster University. Its 500 pages are full of useful information. It is a compendium of things worth knowing, including directions for everybody. It is handsomely bound in flexible cloth covers, and will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps, by the publishers, G. W. Ogilvie & Co., 276 & 278 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

The Review of Reviews for the month of June is a number which nobody who intends to go to the World's Fair at any time can well afford to be without. However attractive the exhibition may be, it is not to be compared with this World's Fair, as it was 'sof the Commercial in 1873, that the great majority of the visitors will derive more pleasure from the pictures in the Art Department than from anything else. Another important feature of the June number is a well written forecast of all the principal conventions and gatherings to be held through the summer and autumn of 1893, particular attention being given to the forthcoming World's Congresses and other gatherings, which will be affiliated with such congresses as Chicago. This article should be retained for reference when you expect to go to the World's Fair.

An especially timely feature in the number is an article on transit facilities in Chicago, and on the fair grounds. The character sketch of this number of the Review is of Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, and the official head of English art. It is illustrated with fine reproductions of Sir Frederick's most famous works. This number of the Review is illustrated with many more pictures than usual, the number exceeding one hundred. Published in New York City.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

A delegation of young men lately sent on their employer's wife with the oddest request on record.

"You see," said the spokesman, "we want to have a half holiday every Saturday. Now, if you will be particularly nice to Mr. Jones for a few days, we'll go to him and ask—"

"Gentlemen," the lady haughtily responded, "do you imply that I do not understand what is due to my husband?"

"Oh, I know all about it," the spokesman went on. "I'm married myself. Things go wrong in the house, and then we suffer at the office. You stay up late to chaperon your daughter at the ball, and we have more trouble at the office. You're a bit cross three mornings in succession, for one reason or another, and we have a—a terrible fit at the office. You see how the matter stands, and how greatly you will oblige us by being more than usually agreeable to Mr. Jones for three or four days. The fourth day give him the best breakfast you can—everything that he likes best—and we'll get what we want in three minutes. Talk about a woman having no influence in business! Why, this human s—h's in as much effect than a bank failure or a boom in trade!"

She thought she ought to be angry, but instead she laughed, and agreed to the proposition; and four days later, when they waited on the head of the firm, he made the closing hour twelve o'clock, and said that never in the history of the firm had things run so satisfactorily as they had during the last four days. All to the power behind the throne!

Wife—Poor Maud, how sad she feels at the loss of her husband; she's covered with weeds from head to foot.

Husband (dubiously)—Yes; so is the grave of her late lamented.

Mr. Snippy—I suppose you take much interest in elections, Miss Lighthead?

Miss Lighthead—Oh, yes, I do. You see, pa's a politician and he bets. If things come his way I have everything I want for weeks.

ADVERTISEMENT IN COLORADO NEWS-PAPE.

Mrs. —— the eminent revivalist, will lecture in Durkin Hall, Sunday afternoon next, on "From Hell to Heaven." The elevator will be open at 4.

INFORMATION FOR FISHERMEN.

Let us then be up and doing.

With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing;

Catch me in your trap."

A tombstone in a Vermont cemetery bears these words: "Sacred to the memory of three twins."

"A kiss is but a common noun," cried Sue: "Yes, very common," artlessly cried Loo: But as she caught a merry glint she flushed and blushed, and was suddenly bashful. "If 'tis comon it is proper to!"

Cried Sal—a twinkle in her eyes of blue.

Horse Department.

TROTTING FOR 1893 IN MAINE.

Secretaries will confer a favor by sending dates as soon as appointed. Address
Secretary, Trotting at Portland,
June 13—Trotting at Milne,
June 14—Trotting at Fairfield,
June 15—Trotting at Pittston.
June 16—Trotting at Lewiston.
June 17—Trotting at Monroe.
June 18—Trotting at Augusta.
June 19—Trotting at Skowhegan.
June 20—Trotting at Exeter.
June 21—Trotting at Mapleton, Bangor.
June 22—Trotting at Fairfield.
June 23—Trotting at Pittston.
June 24—Trotting at Dexter.
June 25—Breeding meeting, So. Paris.
June 26—Trotting at Bath.
June 27—Trotting at the Agricultural Show at Livermore Falls.
June 28-30—Trotting at Cornish.
June 29-30-31—Trotting at Gray.
Sept. 1—Trotting at Eastern Maine Fair, Bangor.

State Fair, Lewiston.
Sept. 2-3—Trotting at Springfield.
Sept. 24-25—Trotting at Springvale.
Sept. 26-28—Trotting at Farmington.
Sept. 28-29—Trotting at New England Trotting Horse Breeders at Mystic Park, Job.

Sept. 27-28—Trotting at Exeter.

Sept. 29—Trotting at Fairfield.

Sept. 30—Trotting at Topsfield.

Oct. 1—Trotting at Dexter.

Among the California youngsters in the East this year will be a yearling price by Albert W. 2.20 (sire of Little Albert 2.10 $\frac{1}{4}$), out of the dam of Flying Job, that it is said will beat 2.20.

Don't turn the mares and colts away to pasture until the latter have been tamed and know the halter. Make friends with every one during the first few days, and the lesson will never be forgotten.

There's more money for the breeder in one well bred, well grown, and well educated colt than in a score without breeding and education, even if they have the feed. The time has come when quality rather than numbers will tell the story of profit.

Sonal, by Electioneer, was three years, six months and 24 days old when he made her record of 2.10 $\frac{1}{4}$. Axtell, Jr., William L., was three years, six months and 10 days old when he made his record of 2.12. Patron, by Pan-east, was three years, one month and six days old when he made his record of 2.14 $\frac{1}{4}$.

The Pacific coast is again on record with another phenomenon; this time they brought to light a seven-year-old horse that stands twenty hands high, and in poor flesh his girth is seven feet. It is claimed that when he is in good flesh he will weigh from 2,400 to 2,500 pounds. Since the big horse for the World's Fair only weighs 2,000 pounds, the Pacific coast should gain additional distinction by sending on their gigantic equine.

A short pedigree on either side is an abomination in a stallion. No one who knows what he is about cares to patronize such a horse. When we pass to geldings the pedigree fades away, and the question is then of individual worth. So in measuring the worth of what a writer may publish the object aimed at must be appreciated, else the lesson is lost. Beware of stallions whose dams are "outred," or whose grand dams are "untraced."

The President of a New York track has formulated the following code of track procedure, the general adoption of which would aid much in popularizing the sport and increasing the gate receipts: Promptness in getting out the horses for the first race, and an application of the rules against laggards; discipline at the close of the first heat, if there is occasion, without unnecessary warnings or threats; exclusion from the judge's stand of all persons not lawfully there; promptness in calling up the horses in each heat, and rigid enforcement of the rules as to time between heats. If the officials on Maine tracks will step up to the line and stand squarely by the rules, there will be no airy heard for novelties this year. Business in managing the racing will save and make anew the reputation of many a track.

The question to-day is not alone, what can a horse do? but what can he produce? If speed is the desired end, then it is not the low record in the individual, but the trotting qualities of the offspring which tell the story. Beyond this, men are looking to see if this described characteristic breeds on through successive generations. Red Wilkes has been a noted sire of trotters. Messenger Wilkes, owned at Maple Grove Farm, by Messrs. B. F. and F. H. Briggs, is proving himself a sire of trotters, and some of the best colts seen are out of sires produced by him. Rockefeller and Warrener, by that greatest of sizes, Electioneer, have not been trained, though the former will be this season, and his speed promises to astonish the crowd; but in the stud both are proving their reproducing power, and their colts, and the offspring out of their fillies, promise to verify the strongest claims made for these horses. Throughout the State Maple Grove is making its influence felt upon the trotting and driving stock, and the sum total of good secured by and through the energy of these breeders cannot be measured.

The Spirit of the Turf has been taking solid ground on the breeding problem for some time, and its blows have been strong. It is a great pleasure to note how these representative stock papers confirm the position for which the Farmer has stood all these years. It is right and must prevail:

"The craze for speed alone has led in many instances to financial losses by breeding undersized horses that amount of training could develop into performers. While it may be true that many of the champion trotters were medium sized horses, it is equally true that a large percentage of the record breakers were animals large enough for the carriage or gentlemen's drivers. The ever-fickle goddess, fashion, changes like a kaleidoscope, and the small good-looking Morgans that set the style half a century ago are now in many respects as old-fashioned as grandmother's sunbonnet or the wooden shoe of Germany. The popular demand is a union of size, quality and style, with speed in the high-

est typed modern light driving horse. Justin Morgan, with all his innate and superb qualities, could not find favor among progressive breeders to-day, for his undersize would disqualify him for the market of the nineteenth century.

One of the most brilliant performers yet produced, opportunity and appliances considered, was the champion Dexter, the brown gelding by Rysdyk's Hambletonian that stepped a mile at Buffalo, N. Y., August 14, 1867, in 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$, which performance stood the best on record until Goldsmith Maid broke the slate by trotting a mile in 2.14 at Boston, Mass., September 2, 1874. He was a fifteen-and-a-half hands horse, of sinewy limbs and great muscular power. When the grand old field marshal, Hiram Woodruff, looked him over for the first time was he captivated with the power and quality of his conformation, and predicted he would make the coming trotter.

His ability to pull weight is shown in his wonderful two miles to wagon in 4.65 $\frac{1}{4}$, and all kinds of going he was more than a match for his competitors. His purchase for \$3,000 and retirement to the stable of Robert Bonner as king of the road was the beginning of better prices for trotters. It would be futile to deny that the Morgans were undersized horses, or that Flora Temple and other old-time celebrities were diminutive animals, yet if we take the list of really great performers we shall discover that was not incompatible with speed.

George M. Patchen 2.23 $\frac{1}{4}$, was a large horse, and his big pounding stroke put down the invincible queen, Flora Temple, in two mile races. Great Eastern was over seventeen hands, but his enormous size did not stop him from trotting in 2.18 to harness, or 2.15 $\frac{1}{4}$ under the saddle.

American Girl was over sixteen hands, yet she was rated a game race mare and reeled off a mile in 2.16 $\frac{1}{4}$. Gloster was one of the Goliaths of the trot and hippodrome with Goldsmith Maid, and was reputed to possess ability to defend the peerless queen, his record 2.17 being no measure of his speed. St. Julien was a magnificent sixteen hand gelding, whose size did not stop him from trotting in 2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$. Lucy 2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$, who performed second to Goldsmith Maid, was a large mare. If we come down to our modern turf champions we will find but few of original Morgan fourteen hand trotters. Nancy Hanks is not a large mare, but she is five inches higher than Justin Morgan, while her formidable rival this season is the big sixteen hand trotter Martha Wilkes 2.08. Sunol S. 2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$ that held the world's record for almost a decade is a powerful animal over fifteen and three-quarter hands, and can pull a wagon like a locomotive. Sunol 2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$, stands over sixteen hands, and the sensational Allerton 2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the young 2.15, is a powerfully muled sixteen hand trotter. We might speak further of Stamboul 2.07 $\frac{1}{4}$, champion stallion, Kremlin 2.07 $\frac{1}{4}$, champion five-year-old, Nelson 2.10: and 2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$ over a half mile track. Palo Alto 2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$, Greenleaf 2.10 $\frac{1}{4}$, and a score of others, illustrating that size is not incompatible with speed. We do not deny that many fast trotters have been small, but we believe the records warrant the assumption that it was not their size that gave them their marvelous turn of speed.

The fashion has changed in regard to size in horses, and none can deny there is a stately grandeur in a horse of fine proportions, that is absent in one of diminutive size. There is a demand for public use of the one, while without the element of speed the other can hardly be given away. As speed comes in all shapes from the ungainly, coarse and vicious brute to the ideal model of the light harness horse, so also it is manifested in performers of all sizes. Speed is not a quality that can be transmitted with the uniformity that the equine is produced, because not more than one animal is bred specifically for speed out of twenty makes a trotter, the residue must be consigned to use where there is a demand for their type. If good sized and fine individual horses without speed sell better than small horses that are not performers, and if horses of marketable size inherit a high rate of speed with as much uniformity as undersized animals, of what use is there for breeders to invite financial loss by raising a class of horses for which there is no demand? Breed for that type with the certainty of extreme speed when the produce prove trotters that the fashion of the day demands, instead of breeding for speed alone, regardless of size, style and other fashionable qualities."

For the Maine Farmer.

SOME CUMBERLAND COUNTY HORSES.

S. L. Adams, Mountain View Farm, West Gray, has a stud of fifteen horses, headed by the stallion George Moody Benton, sired by Gov. Benton, record 2.22 $\frac{1}{4}$. This is a very handsome bay stallion, foaled June 28, 1886. "He has never been given a record, but has a perfect gait, and while being worked on the ice, without boots, weights, cheek rein or whip, showed better than a 2.40 clip." He has been very successful in the stud, and Mr. A. has engaged him for two seasons more. The 1150-lb. Percheron brood mare has a Benton colt by her side, which besides Mr. Adams has two brood mares by Harry Gilnarm, owned by Jas. E. Leighton, Gray; one out of a thoroughbred, and one from a Brandywine dam, a remarkably lively, courageous animal.

P. Merrill, Gray, has a Benton colt that last fall, as a yearling, took 1st premiums at Gray, New Gloucester and Cumberland, scoring 95 points.

A. P. Ayer, Windham, has one, same age, that took 1st premium at Windham, and 2d at Cumberland County Fair.

J. T. Hancock, Gray Corner, has a remarkably nice one, good style and action, that shows a very powerful, fast gait.

S. Benson, No. Windham, still has his old brood mare worked on a team, but capable of giving the best of them warm work when Mr. B. takes her onto the ice with the fast ones. She is 18 years old, sired by Tom B. Patchen, dam by Major Knox, his dam by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. From this mare Mr. B. has sold four colts, one when 4 years old for \$250, one at 3 years old for \$150, and two weanlings for \$75 each. He now has a

3-year-old filly from her, by a son of Geo. Wilkes, about 15 hands high, a nice made filly with good trotting action, which he expects to sell for \$200, and a filly by Col. West, foaled July 23d, 1892, very nearly 14 hands, another promising filly.

C. W. Chaplin, Gorham, has a 15-months-old filly, sired by an Island horse, weighing 1600 lbs., that stands 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands and weighs nearly 900 lbs. Her dam is a Western mare, weighing about 1400 lbs.

J. S. Chaplin, Gorham, has the broad mare, Lady Fearnought, bred by David Nevins, Framingham, Mass. Her sire was Straightfush by Fearnought, Jr.; her dam was by Volunteer Boy. His dam was Martha, by Old Abdallah. Straightfush's dam was Maud, by the Warner horse, he by Old Eaton. Maud's dam was by Kennebec Messenger; his dam by Bush Messenger. Lady Fearnought has a wagon race record of 2.51, trial 2.40, and has made a quarter mile in 38 seconds. From Lady Fearnought Mr. C. has bred three colts in as many years, by Maine Prince, and she is again bred to the same horse. The oldest colt, Fearnought Prince, is now owned by Dr. H. M. Moulton, Cumberland Center. He last fall won the races at Cornish and Gorham, both in two straight heats, the only races in which he was entered as a yearling. His half mile record was 1.36; trial 1.33, the last quarter in 44 seconds. He was trained and driven in these races by Mr. Chaplin. The yearling, Linwood, is entered to trot at Mystic, the State Fair and at the August Breeders' Meeting at the Oxford County Fair grounds. The weanling was foaled April 1st, and Mr. Chaplin thinks is the most promising one of the lot.

E. K. Whitney, at Hillside Farm, Harrison, has fourteen horses and colts, including a remarkably fine looking weanling by Warrener, out of a mare by Maine Prince; dam Ella Redwood, by Redwood. His Gideon mare, Kate Patchen, is soon to foal, by Rockefeller. As in Jersey stock, so in horses, the aim of the proprietor of Hillside Farm has been to have the best blood within his reach, and in accordance with this purpose he has patronized such horses as Imported Anfield, Tom Patchen, Redwood, Prescott, Gideon, Daniel Boone, Messenger Wilkes, Rockefeller, Maine Prince and Warrener.

R. Burnell Baldwin, has a 4-year-old gelding, sired by York's Knox, a fine looking young horse, weighing about 1200 lbs.

Poultry Department.

"If your neighbor's hens are troublesome, and steal across the way, don't let your angry passions rise. But fix a place for them to lay."

Why are rooster's feathers so smooth? Because he always carries his comb with him.

R. W. Soule, formerly of Augusta, now Consul at Waubanshene, Canada, seems destined to astonish the natives in many ways, the latest being a successful attempt at producing two eggs in one day. The fowl must create a lively demand for his Plymouth Rocks.

Feed chickens each hour during the day until they are a week old, after that, four to six times a day, will do. During incubation, give the hen whole grain so she can eat quicker, especially in cold weather. Fill a dust bin with ashes or dirt so the hen can dust a little every time she comes off.

If the flocks and broods have ample runs through the fields and over the plowed ground, it will not be necessary to keep up the full supply of meat or grain. A light ration of cooked food in the morning, and another of oats or wheat at night, will be all that is necessary. Take away all corn and meal meat, save for fattening. It will be a curse to the laying stock during the coming months.

Farmers and breeders make a great mistake in not providing a bountiful supply of dry earth—road dust—or of ground plaster. Both are valuable not only as absorbents, but as desodorizers and also as fertilizers. An abundance of either on the roots and floors, supplied daily will do much to rid the premises of vermin. Try one or the other in the poultry houses, as well as behind the cows. They will pay.

These are busy days on the farm. Seed time and harvest almost touch hands and every moment is precious, but he who neglects his chicks will hunger and thirst after eggs next winter. They must be fed, and that, too, at regular hours. Don't think it will do to set out a dish full of cooked food in the morning and leave the broods all day. There's no growth to be made that way. If you can't take time to feed at regular hours with good, sweet food, and in proper quantities, better patronize the chopping block now and stop the waste which will surely follow any attempt at making growth. As well throw dollars to the wind at once as to waste growing power.

"It isn't very poor man that can buy a cow," Pat very truthfully remarked, "but a man must be poorer than last year's barn-grass, that can't git a few chickens, and peride suthin' for 'em to eat."

"Poultry World."

One of the most successful breeders of turkeys we know of never fed a crumb of boiled egg, but commences with stale bread crumbs, slightly mixed with new, fresh milk, giving them five or more feeds daily, but only in such quantities as they would eat up clear at every feed. Onion tops or lettuce, chopped up fine and mixed with their food, was given, while an occasional seasoning of red (cayenne) pepper was supplied. They were treated to sweet milk for drinking purposes, and when they got some little age curd cheese was liberally supplied—and they are fond of it. There is as much in the care as in the feeding, and they must have the best of both to induce them to stay with us. Dampness and dew is fatal to young turkeys; they need to be kept dry at all times.

"It is not denying the fact that in years past color, shape and size of comb, and certain other non-essentials have been magnified until they have been set down as the chief points of excellence. These points have value to the fancier but not to the exclusion of form or pro-

ductiveness. As in the case of the Jermans, men have been running wild after points of no vital importance. To-day the single test is the cream pot, and by that the butter cow is being measured. Something of size, color of tongue, switch, &c., have been lost perhaps, but in their places we have points of far greater value. Just so is it with our breeds, and the great want to-day is a revision of the standard, by which all pure bred stock is judged, so that the egg, or meat-form shall be made prominent. A breed is valuable only as its members contribute to the wealth of the owner. Let us have less fuss and worry about feathers, and more attention to the egg basket and the dressing capacity of the chickens.

DISINFECTING FOUL PLACES.

The Boston Scientific News call attention to the importance at this season of getting rid of all vile smells about dwellings, and makes this practical suggestion: the article commonly used to disinfect foul places is chloride of lime, but in reality it is not of much value. It may, and generally does, remove bad smells, but the cause still remains, as the chloride simply destroys the gaseous emanations. The much advertised disinfectants are usually catchpenny nostrums and unworthy of notice. One of the very best known disinfectants is old-fashioned "coppers," or sulphate of iron, which can be had very cheap. A barrel of coppers would probably weigh 300 pounds, and can be purchased at wholesale price at 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound. And every family ought, especially in warm weather, to have a supply of it on hand. A couple of handfuls of coppers thrown into a bucket of water will soon dissolve, and it can then be used freely, and is a valuable disinfectant. The best plan is to fill a half barrel or keg with water, and suspend within it a moderate sized basketful of coppers. In this way it dissolves more rapidly than when thrown to the bottom of the wooden vessel, and thus a supply is always at hand ready for use.—Southern Planter.

Is unavailing without the aid of a good cooking apparatus. The best cooks demand the best ranges and stoves. Miss Parloa who inaugurated the American Cooking School, always uses and recommends the MAGEE AS THE BEST.

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strictly pure White Lead. The difficulty is lack of care in selecting it. The following brands are strictly pure White Lead, "Old Dutch" process; they are standard and well known—established by the test of years:

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"BEYMER-BAUMAN" (Pittsburgh)
"BRADLEY" (New York)
"BROWN & CO." (New York)
"COLLIER" (St. Louis)
"CORNELL" (Buffalo)
"DAVIS-CHAMBERS" (Pittsburgh)
"FARNESTOCK" (Pittsburgh)
"GEORGE" (New York)
"JEWETT" (New York)

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